

The Missionary Helper

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE
FREE BAPTIST WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY
NELLIE WADE WHITCOMB, EDITOR

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No. 3

An Easter Prayer

Lord, for each friend whom Thou hast given to me,
A help, a comfort, and a joy to be;

For all who have supplied my spirit's need
In any joy or sorrow, I would plead.

Grant them their heart's desire, if it shall blend
With Thy desire; Thou knowest all the end.

Do Thou fulfil their mind, if Lord, in aught
Their thought be hidden in Thy deeper thought.
In seven-fold measure, grant them, Lord, I pray,
The sympathy I never can repay.

In every hour of sorrow do Thou bend
To heal, sustain, to cheer and to befriend.
Encircle them in peace so deeply still
That resting calmly on Thy changeless Will,
They may be wrapped in steadfast joy in Thee,
And live the Risen Life most perfectly.

— Selected.



Motto: Faith and Works Win.

Colors: Blue and Gold.

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

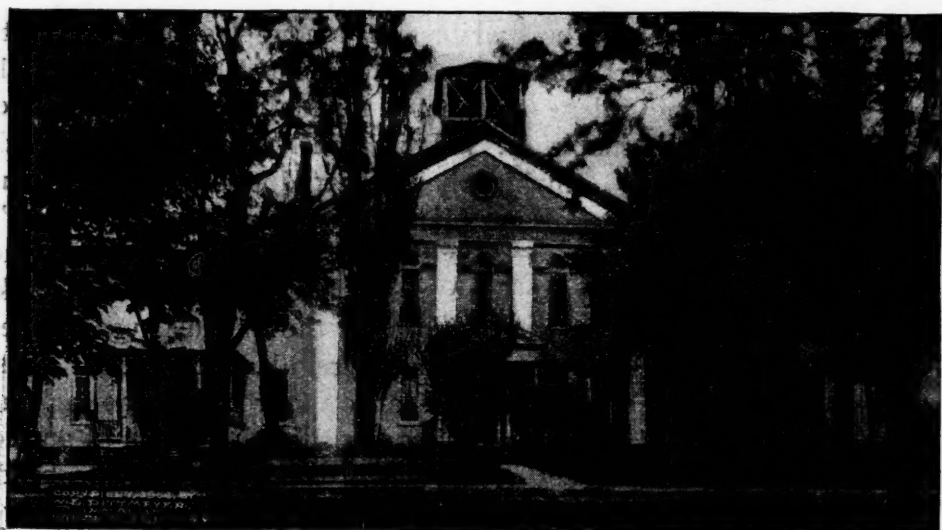
"Wherever there is a woman or child unhappy or in distress, there we may find our neighbor." The beautiful neighboring of the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society is of so wide a scope we cannot give even a satisfactory glimpse of it. "To this land has come some of the best human material in Europe," we read in *The Story of Forty Years*. "These new Americans, together with the Indian and the negro, who first called to us for help, bid us remember that if we do not show them the way to become God-fearing, liberty-loving citizens of this republic, *we* shall lose our heritage." They want just what we can give, "friendship, kindness, consideration and a chance to better their condition that their children may have what circumstances denied to them. . . . With the Christian women of America today rests a magnificent opportunity." In response to the call of "all the world," brought to America, the missionaries and teachers of this Society are working among Poles, French, Germans, Syrians, Italians, Jews, Scandinavians, Slavic nationalities, Indians, Negroes, Spanish-speaking peoples, Orientals, Alaskans, Russians and probably come in contact with all the 56 distinct nationalities or races that are found in this country. With an estimated membership of 150,000 and the motto "Christ in Every Home," the Society supports missionaries, teachers, schools, settlement work. English is taught to mothers in the homes of the foreign born. More than 3,000,000 visits have been made to homes since the organization of the Society. "The visitor has brought bread to the hungry, clothing for the naked, coal for the freezing, nursing for the sick, suggestions for the care of children, cleanliness, making of clothing, and with all these, has never failed to point the mother to Him who is all in all." A blessed work, surely, for which we also pray, and with which we are coming into closer contact. . . . Our dear Mrs. Metcalf, who has devoted herself so generously and whole-heartedly to Storer College, has given us a fine story in brief of our work at Harper's Ferry. It can also be obtained in leaflet form and is valuable for reference. Of course, Storer is a part of our praying and giving all the year, but you know how we have got into the friendly habit of *especially* remembering it in the month of March. How many of the things—including bedding and books—called for in the last annual report have you already sent? Miss Coe provides a

very appetizing Storer "Salad," doesn't she? "I am enjoying my work here very much," she writes. The home of President and Mrs. McDonald was made happy by the arrival of a little son, Frank Henry, on January 17. Both joy and grief have come to our Storer family of teachers, and what touches them touches us also. The first of February, Daniel Brackett Newcomer, the nineteen years old son of John and Celeste Brackett Newcomer, died of pneumonia at the aviation training camp at San Antonio, Texas. He was an undergraduate at Bates College. President Chase spoke very feelingly at Chapel of young Newcomer's earnestness, determination and willingness for sacrifice. . . . One of our workers writes that among the many bequests in the will of Mr. Stewart, St. Albans, Me., are \$30,000 for Storer College, \$50,000 for Bates College and \$10,000 for Maine Central Institute, all of which makes us thankful. . . . This month Miss Fairfield, with her characteristic ability of making happy introductions, acquaints us with a fascinating phase of Home Mission work. . . . Our Treasurer's Message and Notes are to be read with care. Her quiet loyalty and efficiency; her continuous, unselfish service, are priceless to our work. . . . Again we call attention to the fact that the financial year closes March 31st. It is very important that all regular and special gifts, for the quarter ending on that date, be sent to the treasurers as early as possible. . . . The Thank Offering Call comes, like the return of an old friend, with loving and urgent appeal which we will not fail to heed. Have you sent for your Thank Offering boxes? . . . How much we live by prayer, these days, and more and more it includes the whole world, but we never forget those who are nearest and dearest, nor our comrades in work. Let us remember very specially our beloved President, Mrs. Durgin, trying to be sight and sunshine for her husband, who at this writing, is under the care of a noted specialist for the eyes; also Mrs. Burkholder, heroine of our Bengal-Orissa field for fifty years, whose eyes are in a critical condition. How we want to help—all of us! . . . Dr. Mary writes from Balasore that she has five more children. She was trying to keep her family down to 75, but it wouldn't work! She writes, "Each day has been so full I could have written a whole letter about it and then not told all there was to tell. Grief, work, adventure, sickness, are some of the links in the chain. One day I examined all the girls, and with outside work, must have seen over 80 patients. This, with neighborhood meetings, has made me feel quite like a real medical missionary."

STORER COLLEGE

By MRS. ALICE M. METCALF

Harper's Ferry is situated in Jefferson County, West Virginia, at the confluence of the Potomac and Shenandoah rivers. It lies at the base and in the shadow of the Blue Ridge mountains. Harper's Ferry was made famous in history by the Washingtons, and later by the John Brown raid previous to the breaking out of the Civil War. We are told that from the beginning of the war to the end, there was not a time when Harper's Ferry was not a continuous scene of conflict between the two

**ANTHONY HALL**

armies. The place has long been celebrated for the grandeur of its scenery. Thomas Jefferson, in his summer visits here, declared it to be worth a trip across the Atlantic.

Our interest in the place centers not in its history nor in its wonderful scenery, but in the fact that freedmen early found here an opportunity to become intelligent and useful citizens. At the close of the Civil War, even before the soldiers had marched away, mission schools were opened. In 1867 our Storer College was founded, and now stands on Camp Hill, overlooking three States from which come its greatest number of students. It was named for John Storer, of Sanford, Maine, who gave the first gift of \$10,000—a gift prompted by no mercenary motive, but by the noblest impulse of philanthropy. The task of carrying out the plans of the school

so well begun was entrusted to Nathan Cook Brackett, just graduated from Dartmouth College, a man of wide vision, enthusiasm, and religious zeal.

The year 1867 found the school with quarters in an abandoned government building with a few thousand dollars to build up and carry on the work. After fifty years of successful labor, not without great sacrifice and struggle, there is a well established school with about thirty acres of land, fifteen buildings, a plant valued at \$125,000, and productive fund of \$70,000.

As a mission interest, the school was established and cared for by the Free Baptist denomination. Individuals and churches contributed gener-



LINCOLN HALL
John Brown's Fort at Left

ously to its support, responding cheerfully to calls for funds in times of special need. To Lewis W. Anthony, of Providence, R. I., are we indebted for the enlargement of the main building, which bears his name; and the Lewis W. Anthony Industrial Building stands a monument to the continuous generosity of his heirs.

In 1874 the Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society began to make regular appropriations to the school, and their contributions have been a great factor in the financial success of Storer College. In 1879, Myrtle Hall, the girls' dormitory, was dedicated. This building was made pos-

sible by the efforts of a few women working in the interest of the Woman's Missionary Society.

In 1891, Robert Cristy, of Dover, N. H., made to the Woman's Missionary Society a bequest of \$40,000, the income to be used for the education of colored youth in English branches. Through the influence of Miss Laura A. DeMeritte, the executor of Mr. Cristy's will, and treasurer of the Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society, this fund was applied to Storer College, and from it has since been paid the salaries of several teachers. In 1910, a President's Cottage was erected with funds contributed by the Woman's Society.

In 1901 Mr. Henry T. McDonald, a graduate of Hillsdale College, became President of the school, which position he now holds. Dr. Brackett still remained treasurer. Upon the death of Dr. Brackett in 1910, his sister, Mrs. Lura Brackett Lightner, who had been Lady Principal since 1875, was elected treasurer.

With the changes which years have brought in the school system of different States, it has been the aim of the President to have Storer College stand side by side with the schools of West Virginia. The following courses of study are now in operation: The Academic Course fits students for college. The Secondary Course is equivalent to a high school course. The Normal Course is designed to train teachers. The graduates from this course, who are recommended to the State Board of Education, may receive a State certificate. The Industrial Course includes work in carpentry, gardening, cookery, sewing and dressmaking, millinery, drawing, hairdressing and manicuring. Its Musical Department has a high reputation throughout the State, many students coming because of the special advantages in the piano, organ and voice culture courses.

The Roger Williams Library, containing seven thousand volumes, is catalogued and one of the best and largest school libraries in West Virginia.

Athletics are made prominent. Tennis, basketball, football and baseball furnish healthful exercise for students. The religious interests of the school are cared for by a resident pastor of the church, who is at the head of the Biblical Literature Department. The Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A. and C. E. Societies are prominent features of the school.

An object of great interest is "John Brown's Fort," which was purchased and erected on the Campus in 1910. It was originally the engine house of the U. S. Armory at Harper's Ferry. In 1895 it was removed to

Chicago and there exhibited, in connection with Libby prison, during the Columbian Exposition. In 1895, under the direction of Miss Kate Field, it was rebuilt, about two miles from its original location, in a place inaccessible to sightseers. During the fiftieth anniversary of the descent on Harper's Ferry, it was bought and transferred to our campus. Here this historic old building, used as a museum, will stand for all time, an object of increasing interest.

One can judge of the success or worth of an industrial plant only by the finished product; so we can judge of the work of Storer College only by knowing about the hundreds of boys and girls who have become prominent in the various activities in which they have been engaged. We cannot follow them all, but, to those who know, results have shown that the work of Storer College has been amply worth while, and with the continued interest of its constituency a successful future is assured.

Carolina, R. I.

SONS OF ITALY

By ABBIE H. FAIRFIELD.

"We are the Romans of the modern world, the great assimilating people." This sentence of Dr. O. W. Holmes might well have been used as the motto of Antonio Margano's new book, "Sons of Italy," for he devotes a large part of it to the study of his fellow countrymen as immigrants here in America—to their needs, their purposes in coming, their ideals, their trials, their blunders and their successes; and on the other hand, to the study of the attitude of Americans toward these immigrants. Before the war, many of our best thinkers considered the question of immigration as one of our greatest problems, perhaps the greatest: and it may be so still; no one can foresee how it will be modified by the world struggle. Studies of the question by Americans have been many, and from many viewpoints. Of so much the more interest is this study by an Italian who speaks from the standpoint of his own people, and speaks sanely and honestly and helpfully. Prof. Margano was born in Italy, came here as an immigrant, and through the interest and help of the pastor and people of a Baptist Church in Long Island, he began to study, at Colgate Academy, then at Colgate University, and later at Brown University, where he graduated with honors in 1899. Then he went back to Italy to study the language further, and to acquaint himself with conditions there; returned to America, graduated from Union Theological Seminary, N. Y., in 1903, again returned to Italy, this time especially to

study Italian emigration. Returning, he served three years as pastor of an Italian Baptist Church in Brooklyn, and is now professor in Colgate Theological Seminary, Brooklyn. Thus he has had special advantages for the presentation of his subject, for he is himself at once a son of Italy and a son of America.

Why do so many from other countries come crowding to America?



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IMMIGRANT MADONNA

he asks. Several answers are given—better wages, better living conditions, the desire for personal and political freedom: "America is in the present hour the land of promise among the nations because of her ability and opportunity to serve. Here you have God's open word, freedom of conscience, and religious liberty.....Your life is full and rich: God has blessed you. Now look about you and see how destitute and barren is the life of many of these little ones. Shall not you pour out some of your life into these needy lives, and enable them to feel the sense of unity which you have in God?" These few lines give the key-note of Prof. Margano's

solution of the problem of the immigrant:—Give of yourself, your love and kindliness and neighborliness, to the stranger within your gates. The Church is good; but the Church as an institution is not enough; without the human contact of earnest church members with the timid, shrinking newcomers, the church is cold and formal, it does not touch their lives. Our schools are good: but without the spiritual influence of loving, sympathetic workers who are friends to both the children and the parents, the schools seem sometimes to work harm, giving to the new generation a false idea of superiority to their parents, and leading to license on their part, resistance to restraint or guidance. Political freedom is good; but what of political freedom as it must appear to the badly-housed, unprotected, exploited, ill-paid foreigner, punished for minor offenses often committed simply because of ignorance of our language and customs, undefended in the courts, because he is poor? Even if all our institutions were perfect, institutions do not reach human souls. Much of the book is a plea for loving, personal, sympathetic contact,—just friendliness, on the part of Americans, for these people who, coming here with the best of intentions to become good citizens, fail so often through simple ignorance and misunderstanding.

The first chapter of the book describes in story form the arrival of a little boy, whose father had sent for him to come to him in America. The voyage, the landing, the difficulty of reaching the parents, the little fellow's sensations at the sight of New York, then his school experiences, the riot of freedom in the little brain, his temptations, are all vividly described. His father's treatment of his insubordination, a rather unusual one, is both interesting and successful, and the boy's progress is traced through school, mission school, church, to the beginning of an honorable career. The story leads up naturally to a study of the Italian colonies in our large cities; of the principal occupations of the Italians, contrasting so sharply with their work at home, where 75% are farmers or gardeners, while on coming here less than 20% are employed in this way, the majority going into factories, mills, machine shops, quarries, mines, etc. In this connection several Italian communities are described, among them one at Hamonton, New Jersey. A few Italians came to this place originally to pick berries; finding the air wholesome and land cheap, they settled there, over forty years ago. Now, they are a thriving community, raising berries, grapes, and vegetables; they are on most friendly terms with their American neighbors, grateful for every kindness and eager to return it,

and are fast becoming good citizens. Home life, marriage customs, the relations of parents and children, these always interesting details we find. Then a brief history of Italian immigration from 1825, when the first records were kept, up to the present time. From Southern Italy immigration began in 1871: June, 1906, to 1916, 2,109,974 Italians came to this country: of these 333,231 are from northern Italy, and all the rest from the south and from Sicily. The largest number of Italians are in New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Illinois, California, Connecticut, Ohio, Rhode Island, and Louisiana.

That we may better understand our Italian neighbors, we have next a chapter on their life at home, in Italy: the author discusses the language and its dialects; the various classes of society; the origin of the race, which is not a simple one—old Pelasgian, Celtic, and Germanic, Norse, Greek, Spanish, Saracen, Albanian. "Italy," he says, "has the most complex and diverse psychology of any country in the world." He refers also to the influence of the Roman Church; he analyzes present-day Italy, with reference especially to politics, intellectual life, education, public health, and economic development. Of the growing nationalism of Italy he says, "The growing national spirit is the great driving force in Italy today. It consists in common ideals of democracy, a common interest in keeping out foreign influence, and the desire to develop and govern Italy for the benefit of the Italians. The war is welding all parties closer together in the common purpose of freeing the lost provinces from Austrian oppression."

"Religious Backgrounds," "The Italian as a Citizen," "Assimilating the Italian," "The Evangelical Church," "The Italians' Contribution to America," are other chapter titles, to some of which we have already referred. Of immigration in general, Prof. Margano says: "History is ever repeating itself. Throughout the centuries there has always been discrimination against the foreigner." He refers to the conquest of Rome by the northern hordes, the Norman conquest of England, the influx of Germans and Irish into America from 1820 to 1850, all at first hated and distrusted, now seen to be of real benefit to the original races; and he continues, "History should teach us vision. As it has been with past migrations, so we may expect it to be with the Italian. The historian of five hundred years hence who will have the effects of this migration under his eyes will without a doubt give recognition to the valuable contributions of the Italian immigrant to American life." And our part in working out this result is to look on the newcomers with sympathy, with appreciation, with true Christian love.

Biddeford, Maine.

TWENTY-EIGHTH THANK OFFERING CALL

Many years ago, dear comrades, our mothers called the first thank offering service. It was a time of stress, and we responded promptly and heartily. The amount of those early offerings made it possible to give more help to the appealing women and children in our plot of India's gardens, and to the girls and boys at Storer College who are "better Americans in the making."

Again and again the call has come and we have answered with ever increasing joy, thankfulness and gifts, realizing, at last, that a great blessing has come to our own lives in the observance and the giving; that we, ourselves, as well as all whom the Thank Offering touches in spiritual or material ways, would suffer loss if it were discontinued.

So, now, the call, again in a time of great stress, is sent out, not uncertainly, as to those who may be reluctant, but with the assurance that all are eager and ready to answer in spite of the many and urgent demands made upon each of us by the war. Some have given their nearest and dearest—more precious than life itself; all are giving something, many are giving much—service, prayer, money, conservation, cheer,—without counting the cost. Now we shall not fail or fall back from that sector of the line in the battlefield of Christ which has been entrusted to us. A young soldier at the front has written, "It matters little how or when one dies, the important thing is how one *plays the game*." We will not play the game half-heartedly, but will "do our bit" with courage, enthusiasm and faith, rejoicing that we have a share in such a glorious adventure.

Yes, we give thanks for this and for the conquering spirit manifest in these dark days; for the fortress of God and the comfort of Christ; the power of prayer, the ability to help and the relief of work; for the vast armies of men and women who are giving their lives to make the world better, whether it be in the trenches or on mission fields, in Red Cross or Y. M. C. A. units, or in the homes about us; for the great missionary leaders of today who do not appeal in vain when they send us such messages as these: "The time when all foundations are being shaken is not the time to give up strengthening the foundation on which all truth and liberty rest," and "American womanhood has never failed in a crisis such as this—it never will fail."

What are some of the reasons for thanksgiving in the fields for

which Free Baptists are especially responsible? *At Home.* Our Thank Offering itself; the love and loyalty of our workers; THE MISSIONARY HELPER, so beloved; the growing sense of adjustment to and comradeship in the large organization to which we now belong, and for its world-wide achievements; the fine teaching force, old and new, at Storer; the large number of students and the blessed fact that nearly all are avowedly Christian; the recent bequest to Storer of \$30,000, which answers prayers many and oft.

In India. Let our workers answer: "Everybody well and happy." "Surely God *does* supply all our need"—speaking of material helps. For the beautiful and resultful living of Miss Butts, "She in very truth expended her life for the people of this land." One of the young missionaries, referring to the various phases of her work, "I have been so happy doing it." After the cry, "Why, oh why, don't you send more missionaries!" an older worker adds, "We are indeed thankful for the strong band of native helpers, both men and women." Of the faithfulness of a native Christian, another writes, "Seba had to flee for his life when he became a Christian, but now the people see the transformation and deeply respect him. Others have accepted Jesus through his influence." "Our yearly meeting was an uplift to our souls. The evident presence of the Master and the unity of thought and expression brought us very near to Him and each other. Our faith and hope grew with each session and we thanked God and took courage. The reports from the various parts of the field told of seekers and many baptisms." One, writing of cold season work, says, "You will be rejoiced to know that five teachers came to us near Silda saying that they and their wives are ready for baptism. The preachers are enthused over the conditions—readiness to hear—in that part of the district." All express, with us, their thankfulness over the safe arrival of Miss Thacker after weeks of anxious expectancy. We rejoice here and there, also, at the promise of a new school building at Balasore.

As we think of the limitless needs of the world in this time of awful, if regenerating, chaos, are we discouraged because of our own weakness? Let us take heart as we read, "A single strand in the cables which uphold the great Brooklyn Suspension Bridge is not very strong, but thousands of these strands bound together uphold one of the greatest thoroughfares of the world." So let us bring our gifts to

the May meeting, with thanksgiving that we are a necessary part of the Great Plan in the coming of the kingdom of Christ on earth.

Faithfully, your Thank Offering Committee,

NELLIE WADE WHITCOMB,

IDA L. STILLMAN,

JESSIE L. WATERMAN.

NOTE.—A special program and other helps for our Twenty-Eighth Thank Offering service will appear in the April HELPER. Thank Offering boxes for auxiliaries and Junior societies may be obtained of Mrs. A. D. Chapman, 12 Prescott St., Lewiston, Maine. Send all gifts directly to our national treasurer, Miss Edyth R. Porter, 47 Andover St., Peabody, Mass., from whom the Thank Offering invitations and envelopes may be freely obtained on application. While the Thank Offering is a *special*, free-will gift, not a "tenth", payment of dues or membership fee, each twenty dollars given as a Thank Offering carries with it the privilege of making a new life membership in the F. B. W. M. S., which still keeps its national organization.

A MESSAGE FROM OUR TREASURER

In our Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society service garden have been growing the flowers of friendship and love.

Thinking of this well plotted garden, we are reminded of a friend's most attractive and originally laid out summer's garden, with its severally shaped beds, each having its center and surrounding circles of varying plants, each bed, each walk, each tree or shrub, summer-house or bird's fountain, having its definite share in shaping the splendid artistic whole.

In the center plant of the single garden, with its gracefully drooping leaves bending and touching the others, we see a likeness to our missionary garden's central plant,—the local auxiliary—which has been, from the first, our Society's starting point of action, reaching out, in wheel within wheel manner, to Quarterly Meeting societies, and these in turn to those of the Yearly Meeting, while at Annual meeting the season's fruition has been gathered into report clusters, which local or national workers have presented.

Aside from the results sought in the working of our garden,—that of our women, through our Society, being a blessing and help to others—there has been the reflex benefit to the individual life, in the carrying out of our purpose, and heretofore hidden talents, or latent seeds of service, have been brought to light, and have developed in a splendid way.

For years this garden has been ours alone, and in its care a real

and lasting kinship has developed among the women of our F. B. W. M. Society, but there came a day when Baptists, with their larger plot, and Free Baptists with their smaller, began to plan for a bringing together of their adjacent gardens into one large and splendid whole, and this without loss of any smallest portion of either.

Time and infinite care have been necessary in working out plans to this end, but as we approach March 31st, the end of our new financial year, we realize that the various "ifs," "ands," and "buts," which have slipped in and out, with ghostlike elusiveness during the working-out process, have almost wholly disappeared, and on April 1st we are to enter quite completely into the joint working of our union garden.

This means that Bengal-Orissa gifts will, after that date, go forward from us to the Woman's American Baptist Foreign Mission District Treasurers, according to the districts in which we are located, (see 3d page of cover of HELPER), the name of organization or individual sending, and the object for which they are given, being carefully stated. Home Mission, or Storer, gifts should go to the Treasurer of the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society, whose address will be given in our next HELPER. Gifts for our Invested Funds, the MISSIONARY HELPER, and Thank Offering will continue to come to our F. B. W. M. S. treasury. Thank Offering gifts, unless otherwise specified, will be equally divided between Bengal-Orissa and Storer College, and will therefore receive credit on church apportionment.

As *together* we have responded to our *Annual Call to Prayer*, we have found it our opportunity for acknowledging divine favors bestowed, and for the solicitation of those which should meet present and future needs; or in case of our *Thank Offering* service have joined prayer of faith, with works of faith; or have entered into any plan for preparedness in event of need, such as our *Emergency League*; or have responded to any special opportunity for larger service, when duty pointed the way, the entering into which could only be by faith, large reward has come to us.

Now, together, with the same ready spirit, we are entering into the united work.

As Treasurer, expressing appreciation for your true and loyal effort of the years, and joy in the ties of real kinship formed, I bespeak the same loyal co-operation, the same following of leadership, and the same entering-in to all means of grace and effort that is or will be, part of the united work.

In service, cordially yours,

EDYTH R. PORTER.

QUIZ

- What three things are a test?
 The most wonderful trail—what is it?
 The far-reaching influence of a country school teacher—who can tell the story?
 What beautiful results were traced to a similar trail?
 How should an adage be changed?
 What happens, daily, at 12 o'clock?
 Can you give some notable reasons for believing in foreign missions?
 What special plot in oriental gardens is mentioned by Miss Coe?
 What was the nucleus of the early group of orphan children?
 Where did New England system triumph? With what results?
 What are the duties of girls in this garden? The characteristics of three "flowers"?
 What *must* we have and where?
 Teaching under difficulties—how?
 Who are very much worth while?
 What are some methods of an African witch doctor?
 How did an outcaste effectually silence a Brahman?
 For what shall we ask?
 How are we challenged?
 How is real love to Christ shown?
 What example is worthy of emulating?
 "*We must not, we cannot, we will not*"—what?
 Who had quaint experiences?
 What were they?
 Which auxiliary made the largest contribution in December?
 Who is a new *mem sahib*?
 In what historic spot was there a wedding?
 What trip is fascinatingly interesting?

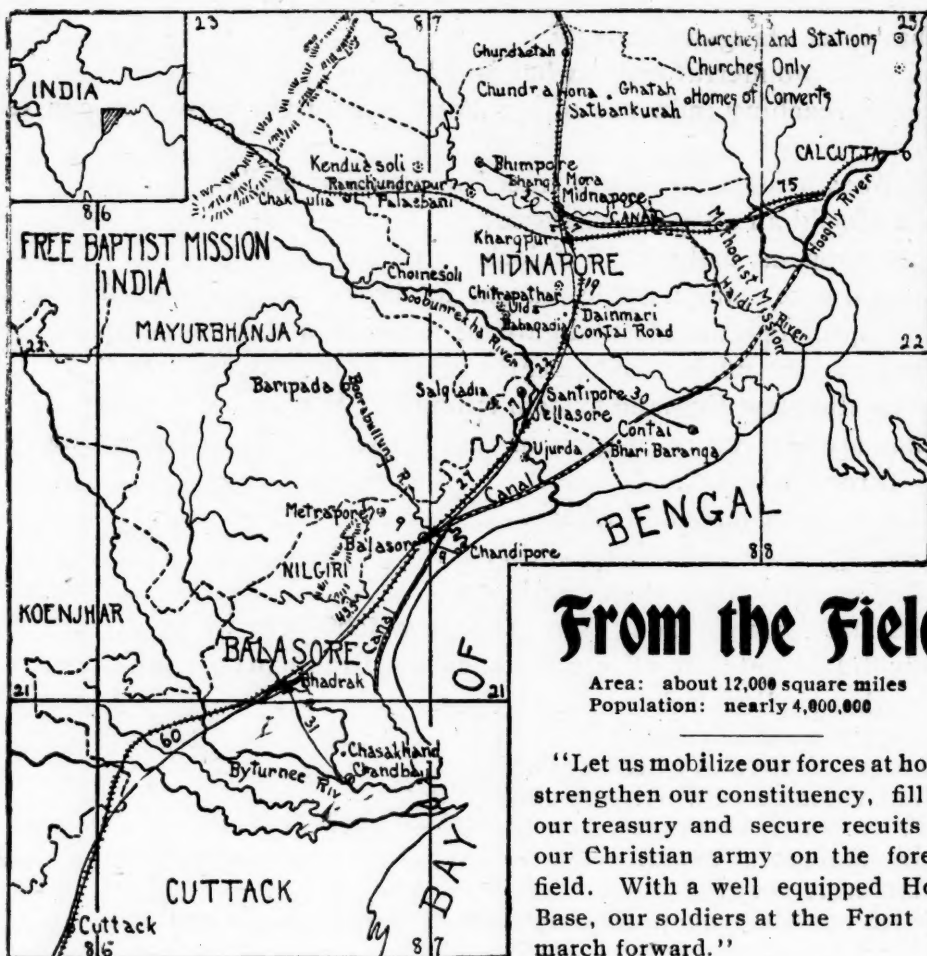
(Answers may be found in the February HELPER.)

 IN MEMORIAM

"Room in the Father's House for tired feet
 That wander homeward when the day is done;
 When, task fulfilled, the journey all complete,
 The children gather slowly, one by one;
 Room in the House of many mansions fair,
 And ours the place he promised to prepare."

Mrs. Mary E. Towle, Fort Fairfield, Maine, December 1, 1917

Mrs. H. B. M. Cheney, Haverhill, Mass., February 17, 1918.



From the Field

Area: about 12,000 square miles
Population: nearly 4,000,000

"Let us mobilize our forces at home, strengthen our constituency, fill up our treasury and secure recruits for our Christian army on the foreign field. With a well equipped Home Base, our soldiers at the Front can march forward."

STORER "SALAD"

Dear HELPER Friends:—

Mrs. Whitcomb says that as I am in "the salad age, young and tender," as regards Storer affairs, I must write the "Notes." All right, if that is what is required for the HELPER menu, salad it shall be; but my present idea of that article is Hooverized—some things must be left out.

Of course we are having the old delightful round of school life as

expressed by my own College song, with a variation to make it fit:

"To breakfast and Chapel, Lib. lessons as well,
We hurry and scurry at stroke of the bell,
Domestic work, Lab. hours, a lecture or so,
That's Storer, dear Storer, you know."

I'm sure you know what fun it is to me to be back in it once more.

What else is new besides myself? Well, there is Mr. Daniels, who has been giving the students new stunts intellectually and physically. The football team, under his direction, has given a good account of itself in battles with neighboring schools. In these winter months, basketball is flourishing, and baseball is to follow. Intellectual results, being flowers of rarer growth, of course come more slowly.

There is a big Freshman class, fully fifty strong, who have just covered themselves with glory at their prize speaking contest. By the way, it seems to me we rather shine at Storer in special talents. We have Declamations and Solos at Literary every Friday night, there have been two speaking contests, and there are at least three to follow, besides the Junior and Senior plays. Our Christmas cantata, given by the Choir, was an hour and a half treat, long to be remembered. So was the entertainment by some of our Normal girls at a neighboring town. Only five in our Concert troupe—two of them readers; but with voice, piano and violin, they furnished music to delight the well-filled church. Music, as you Storer friends know, is by no means new here; but I couldn't resist mentioning it, for it is one of the great privileges of my year.

Sometimes it seems as if we at Storer were living almost outside of the strange new world of sacrifice and service which nearly everyone else has come to know. Not quite outside! Early in the year, the call came to one of our Senior boys, and he went on his way with the promise to fight a good fight. The day he left, students and faculty together raised enough for two Liberty Bonds (\$100 each), the income of which is to be used as a special honor scholarship, bearing his name, Anthony Lewis. Letters from him show us that he is keeping his word, and every one stirs our hearts. Storer boys of other years have gone. Our service flag hangs before us with over twenty stars, and other boys will surely go from our midst at the next call.

Yet with all this, we have not yet awakened to the thought of what those at home must do. Through Mrs. Lightner's careful prevision, we are supplied with all the necessities. Living in a little country town, we scarcely hear the echo of the great war movements. Though we have had

one or two fine lectures this year, we have not had the opportunity of hearing first hand news from Red Cross or Y. M. C. A. The spirit of sacrifice has not really touched us yet, but we pray that it may.

I cannot compare the work of the religious societies with that of other years, for I do not know how it has been. It seems to me that our Y. W. C. A. meetings have been good; but we are a long way from realizing our aim, which is to make every meeting so interesting that no one can afford to miss it. A Bible Study Class, started early in the year, has continued with a faithful few in attendance. The officers of the Christian Endeavor, Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A., take their responsibilities seriously and work faithfully. In the special meetings at the beginning of this year, a large majority of the students expressed themselves as proud of being enrolled on the side of Christ. In fact, most of our students are professing Christians, easily responsive to the best appeals, but still greatly in need of more information and desire for information—some little view of what Mr. Fosdick calls the "Challenge of the Present Crisis." I suppose if we were all awake to that, it wouldn't be such a tremendous challenge. But pray that every Storer student may grasp it with sufficient clearness to find his or her own part, whatever it may be, knitting, sacrificing on clothes or candy, studying to prepare for future service, or going out to join the Storer boys who are in France.

Sincerely yours,

AMY B. COE.

Storer College, Harper's Ferry, West Va.

WEDDING BELLS

A tinkle of wedding bells reaches us across the waves, as in Calcutta, on November 20, Gladys Mae Thacker became Mrs. Vernetta Grover Krause!

Oh, what days were those of eager anxious waiting in the orange-girt home at Pasadena, for news of the safe arrival and of this event! A day came when longer endurance seemed impossible, and only a firm grip on Heaven steadied the aching nerves. Then, on the morrow, the letters came—came in abundance, one, two, three,—a whole month late even for these times, ten weeks on the way. Is it any wonder that parent hearts were a-quiver, cables were sent though none returned, and special prayers went up from the church, when so much of joy or sorrow was at stake? But now all is well, skies smile, joy bells ring; for on November 18—oh, how

long ago—the ship landed its precious freight in Calcutta, and on the 20th the wedding bells pealed out!

Would you like a peep into those first sacred messages? Only a peep it can be—culling the merest facts, for they were not meant for your eyes, or mine.

At last, tides proved auspicious and the good ship came to anchor in the Hoogley River, but not before a lighter had puffed down from the city bearing the lover and Mrs. Holder. They were on the spot to catch the first glimpse of the dainty, girlish figure on deck, clad in white from top to toe, brimming with joyous youth and anticipation! It was Sunday. The evening was spent happily at the Great Eastern, than which India has no finer hostel. Monday was devoted to sending telegrams and perfecting arrangements. On Tuesday, at four in the afternoon, the bridal party gathered in Carey Chapel. There were Rev. and Mrs. Browne of Kharagpur, Mrs. Holder and Doris, Miss Daniels and Mr. Long of Midnapore, and Dr. Bachelor and Miss Porter of Balasore.

The bride, Mrs. Holder exclaims, was “a dream” in the exquisitely embroidered organdy from America; veil caught with lilies of the valley, and a shower bouquet,—India’s own contribution to the occasion. Little Doris Holder, four years old now, preceded the bride, and from the heart of a rose produced for the groom, at the proper moment, the simple gold band that bound the two fair young lives in one. The beautiful song, “I Love You Truly,” was sung by Miss Ruth Daniels of Midnapore, and Rev. Z. D. Browne of Kharagpur served as officiating clergyman.

And all this in the historic Carey Chapel, founded and presided over by William Carey in those early days of modern missions in India; and during the ceremony it was on a rug over the white marble baptistry where Judson was baptized that the young couple stood. Linked thus with the honored past and the promise of the glorious present, they step forth into life—a glad life of service for India.

The company returned on the afternoon train to their several stations, the happy pair remaining for several days in Calcutta, then to proceed to Balasore, which the bride had learned ere she saw it to call “home.” The Smith bungalow was awaiting their occupancy till the Frosts go on furlough, when they will be at home in the mission bungalow in the High School compound.

If you could breathe the spirit of these letters—as I have done—and catch the note of lofty enthusiasm and noble consecration of these lives to Christ and to India, you would feel a glowing and righteous pride, and thank God, as I do, for them, and together we would offer them, not only our congratulations and best wishes, but also the pledge of our prayers, our support, our keen understanding of heroic endeavor for the greatest cause in the universe.

LENA SWEET FENNER.

Pasadena, Cal., February 7, 1918.

A RED CROSS CHRISTMAS

(Extracts from Letters from Miss Edna Coldren to her mother.)

"Somewhere in France," *Dec. 9th.* *Dearest Mother:*—I'll start a letter to you this afternoon, though probably can not finish it, as I go on duty in an hour.

I just wish you could see me now. We have moved. Have been living in our new home for three days, and are very much delighted with it. They haven't room in the hospital to accommodate us and all the patients they will have, so they have rented four places in town for us nurses to live in. We have twenty in our house and are ten minutes' walk from the hospital. Three other girls and I have an apartment on the ground floor of an old bishop's palace, so you see we are very grand. There is a fireplace in every room, but we have stoves, also, little iron ones in which we can burn either wood or coal. It is now 3.30 P. M. I have a roaring fire in the stove, a pretty green shaded lamp on the table, and am as comfortable as can be. We enter our domain through an immense iron gate opening into a rather dreary looking old courtyard. From a square stone-floored hall we come into our living room, which is quite cheerful and will be much nicer after we have it all settled and arranged. There are four of us: Mac, Alice Solon, Mary Kennedy, a nurse from Boston, young and full of fun,—and myself. Our room is large and has two long French windows opening onto a stone terrace leading down into the most wonderful old garden you can imagine. It is very large and is shut in from the street by a high stone wall. It is full of lovely trees and shrubbery. We are having lovely weather, freezing all the time, but clear and sunny and very little snow as yet. It is hard to get up before daylight in the cold, but I think the walk to the hospital does us good. I have to be on duty at seven o'clock every day. We get all our meals at the hospital the same as ever.

Dec. 19th. We are preparing for Christmas outside of our working hours, which take up most of the day. We are planning decorations, entertainment, etc., for the patients and all our unit. Besides this we are going to have a big Christmas tree and party for a lot of the poor children of the city.

I'm in our cozy living room now. It is 8 P. M. One of the girls is playing the piano and Mac is singing. We enjoy our new home very much. Christmas packages are arriving every day. Today one came from Sparrow Hospital, Lansing, Mich. It contained cocoa, jelly, con-

densed milk, sugar, dates and figs. It surely was kind of them. I received a little package also, from Moore cottage at Northfield. [This cottage is where Edna lived when in Northfield Seminary for five years.] Yesterday I received a lovely box from Detroit friends.

I had two good letters from you last week and three copies of *The Christian Herald* and am so glad to have them.

There is quite a little sickness among the nurses; nothing serious, mostly bad colds. We are all too much accustomed to steam heat. Our little stoves give good heat, but the hospital halls are always cold and damp. I wear a sweater on duty, except when I'm in the wards, which are warm. I've felt fine, haven't been off duty an hour. The number of our patients is increasing all the time. We have about 200 now.

Jan. 1st. Well, Christmas is over and we surely had as happy a day as possible, so far from home. We went on duty, as usual. The patients each received his bag, packed by the Red Cross for all the Americans in France. They were perfectly delighted with them and also with the stockings which we filled for them here, which were a surprise. We had all been working for several days to decorate the wards and halls with wreaths of holly, mistletoe and pine. We had many pretty red balls, paper chains, etc., and the hospital certainly looked festive.

We all had a fine Christmas dinner. The weather was ideal, heavy snow over everything and the brightest sunshine and clear blue sky. Christmas night we had a fine party for the whole unit and the men and officers of the 103rd Field Hospital, about 85 of them, who are stationed here for the present. We had a big Christmas tree. Capt. Hirschman, one of our doctors, was Santa Claus. He was always our Santa Claus at the Christmas trees when we were in training [at Harper Hospital, Detroit] and it certainly seemed like home. There were jokes on the trees for everyone, which caused much fun. We had sandwiches, hot chocolate, etc., and greatly enjoyed ourselves. I met a young man of Lansing, a cousin of S. J. Gier [Supt. of Schools, Hillsdale]. There are a lot of Ann Arbor boys among the enlisted men of the unit, and a fine lot of men they are.

The day after Christmas we had a Christmas tree and party for 150 poor children, from one to thirteen years old. We spent about \$600 in all for them, buying underwear, stockings, toys, candy, etc. The money was all donated by the members of the Base hospital. We gave them sandwiches, cocoa and apples for lunch and they certainly had enough for

once. They all enjoyed it, I think, although they were not very noisy. It was quite strange for them to hear everyone talking a different language. I imagine they made up for it when they got home. New Year's Eve we went to the Park for dinner. We have been having wonderful moonlight, and that, with the heavy white snow, made a perfect fairyland of the boulevards and parks. I thought of you so very often during the Christmas season and hoped you were having a happy time, and were feeling quite well. I hope you received my greeting in time.

The little French woman out at the Park gave Mae and me the cunningest fox terrier pup, and we had him down here for nearly a week. We had lots of fun with him, but fully realized that we are in no position to care for a baby dog, especially in the middle of winter, as we are away nearly all day.

Today we received some new uniforms to use on duty, dark grey wool jersey. They are much more comfortable than our white ones just now. We wear white collars, caps and aprons with them. Our caps are not like those you see in pictures, but just simple little white muslin ones with a red cross on the front band.

When you send my next package, please send me several packages of Knox & Spaulding gelatine. We can't get it here and would appreciate it so much, especially for some of the sick people.

With very much love,

From EDNA.

TWICE BORN MEN

We are privileged to pass on a part of the very interesting annual report of Wayne C. Jordan, General Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., Wuchang, China. He writes first of the political situation in a time of unrest. The province of Hupeh has been fortunate in having a strong military governor, assisted by men who are skilful in administration, which has kept the local situation peaceful in spite of the uncertainty of events outside the province.

Among the student activities and developments one organization seems of special significance, a club of ninety student members drawn from six of the leading government schools. This club was divided into sections: one for the night-school students, one for the hostel students, one for the first-aid class, and one for all the other students in general. The emblem

adopted for the club was the picture of a Greek relay runner striving to pass on his torch to the next runner. Many helpful lectures were arranged, special entertainments given, and a program of social service was laid out. This gave the members a new interest in all the Association activities because they felt a new responsibility.

Under the heading "Twice Born Men," Mr. Jordan writes, "During the year there have been three clear-cut and genuine instances of conversion to Christianity in our Association work among government school students. In the autumn of 1916 there began coming to the Association for a Bible Class, ten students from the preparatory department of Chung Hua College. They had become interested in Christianity as a result of study of European history. As these men were all from non-Christian homes, it was a case of starting from the beginning with them. Toward the end of the spring term there were special examinations for government scholarships abroad and for two Saturday nights the attendance was small. On one of these nights only two members were present. They became much interested in the thrilling scene of Christ's crucifixion. As we rose to close the hour, one of the men, an especially fine-appearing fellow, asked in an embarrassed but serious way, 'Will you introduce me to be a disciple of Jesus Christ?' Then we sat down again and talked on, forgetful of the time. The other man said that he had the same idea. From this time on these men made big strides, attending Church and facing what it means to be a Christian in China. One of them went to his home in July. His Confucianist room-mate was greatly exercised because the fellow had been unmoved by satire and argument against his new position. Another friend reported in a surprised way, 'Tuan has been different lately—he doesn't even cheat in games now.' The other man's home is in Wuchang. He has been a regular visitor during the summer, and went to the Student Conference at Kuling the last of August. It is a privilege to see such new ambition changing the whole course of action for a fellow.

The third man is a Cantonese who has had some interest in Christianity for years, but had been held back by the government school atmosphere in Wuchang. This year at the Summer Conference he cleared things up and said he wanted to go all the way through on the Christian proposition. We are hoping to help him do it when he is back at school."

TREASURER'S NOTES

An in-a-measure old time number of pen-and-ink-with-gift-enclosure office calls has been our portion this month, and we hope it is indicative of a new gift's standard set in Miss Stedman's office at the close of the month's returns from the Woman's American Baptist F. M. Society State Treasurers.

You are beginning to have an at-home feeling as you are becoming acquainted with these and other new comrades-in-service? I do not need, however, to put this in form of a question to you all, for words of pleasant experiences, pleasant acquaintanceships, new and satisfying friendships have already come to us from some of you.

One of the rather recent pleasant happenings in which you will be especially interested is the union of the Hills Home and Foreign Mission Society of Dover, N. H. with the Dover Baptist Woman's Mission Society, or Circle, under the name "Hills-Garland Home and Foreign Mission Society." This, perhaps some of you already know, is part of the working out of union between the Dover Baptist and our Free Baptist Church. The new church organization is to be known as "the Baptist Church of Dover, N. H." and the F. B. Church is to be the permanent home of the uniting bodies. "A beautiful spirit is manifest by Baptist and Free Baptists in their work of reorganization," we are told.

In *Maine's* gifts, this month, is included a legacy amount from the estate of Mrs. Frances A. Emerson, late of Sebec Station. Mrs. Emerson was a member of our F. B. Church. A life's interest so often finds like reflection in after days.

"Life is to be fortified by many friendships." An undertaking, a cause, is also in the same manner fortified. Who other than a friend could write thus of our magazine? "I can't bear the thought of our dear and so-much-needed MISSIONARY HELPER ceasing to be. Every number has a peculiar interest for me quite unlike all other magazines—it seems so intimate, and almost like getting personal letters from dear friends. I find it hard to put it down without first reading about all of it."

Look over the month's list of gifts: Here in *Maine* is "a group of friends," individual friend, and fund provision by another friend; in *New Hampshire* friendly groups, and individual friend giving for support of child in Sinclair Boarding, HELPER, Brown Babies, "use where most needed," etc.; in *Massachusetts* our family group of little-folk givers; and group gifts in *Rhode Island* for Storer and *Thank Offering*.

The latter is a reminder to us that *very soon* Thank Offering plans

will be in order, for as the T. O. service was born in a time of emergency to help meet the needs of a special time of stress, so this year its help will doubtless be every bit as necessary in order that present day gifts may measure up to present day needs.

Passing on from New England we find individual friends in college, church and family group, and the words which accompany the gifts breathe friendship and joy in common service. The gifts of Michigan groups for Storer remind us of our missionary friend, their President, who so faithfully served the interests of Bengal-Orissa through a generous term of years and whose present-day service is one of equal value.

There comes to our F. B. W. M. S. invested funds, this month, through the kindness of the Phillips family, and from the estate of Dr. Helen and Mrs. H. C. Phillips, twelve shares of bank stock, the present book value of which is \$200 per share. Thus is material service given to the Field which owes so much to the Phillips family, supplementing the life service of these friends which was unsparingly and successfully given to it.

The lesson cartoon of a recent *Sunday School Times* has a forceful appeal. It is a picture of the Christ with arms outstretched looking with compassion and yearning love toward the world beneath him, and asking, "Where are *my* recruits?" Romans 10:14, 15. Isaiah 6:8. Beneath the picture we read: "More than 2,000 mission stations in Africa and India alone have been abandoned on account of the war, leaving 700,000 *native Christians shepherdless!*"

In His service,

EDYTH R. PORTER.

47 Andover St., Peabody, Mass.

GENERAL SUBSCRIPTION AGENT'S NOTES

The tendency all over our country today is to give our first attention to the needs "over there." But we must not forget to keep solid the foundation at home on which are built all the qualities that are called for "over there." We need to do everything we can to develop and hold firm our young manhood. We need to work for justice in our own dealings with our fellow men, especially when they happen to be a little different from some of us.

At the annual banquet of the National Association of the Colored People held recently at the Twentieth Century Club in Boston, Judge Moorfield Story said that nowhere in Europe—neither in Belgium, nor

Poland, nor Armenia, had a more brutal crime been perpetrated than in the localities in our own country, where the lynchings of the colored people have taken place. Our country has certain duties to attend to at home, before it will be free to do all its work over there.

Judge Story told us, too, that the colored man must, in the last analysis, work out his own salvation, but he needs the help and co-operation of all the rest of us. Storer College is making a big contribution to this work. We need to do all we can to increase her opportunity for usefulness. The Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society has always stood and worked in the spirit of the Emancipation Proclamation. Let us go on, and let us give the HELPER a bigger chance to herald our convictions and our work.

Cordially,

A. M. MOSHER.

107 Howland St., Boston, Mass.

BUREAU OF MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE BARGAINS!

In the Bureau are copies of the following study books: "World Missions and World Peace," "Light of the World," "Christus Liberator," "The King's Business," "The King's Highway," "Nearer and Farther East," "Gloria Christi." A few of them are board covers and the rest paper covers. To close them out, they will be sent to anyone for 10 cents each.

A few copies of the "History of the Bible," by Mrs. Copp—an excellent book for young people and good reading for anyone, price to close, 35 cents; a few copies of "Chundra Lela," which will be sold for 20 cents, former price 50 cents; a few of those blue and gold calendars, price 15 cents.

There still remain a few responsive readings, leaflets on Africa, China, Japan, the Pacific Islands, our work in India and at Harper's Ferry, a number of exercises for various occasions, besides stories, poems, songs, etc., which will be sent for the postage to anyone who can use them.

Such packages have been sent out recently. One woman said, "You sent me such a good variety," and another said, "I wish to thank you for the literature sent. We certainly can use it to good advantage."

The Bureau still has some mite boxes, both for auxiliaries and juniors.

Send orders for the above to

Mrs. A. D. Chapman,

12 Prescott St., Lewiston, Maine.

Helps for Monthly Meetings

Through our reading, study and social life as a missionary society, "May we become true witnesses of Thy will toward men, of the pure life of Thy Kingdom and the glad assurance of Thy presence. Build up our faith, increase our joy and multiply our service; that Thy life may shine through our lives for the help of others."

TOPICS FOR 1917-1918

September—	Welcome Day.
October—	Our Work in the Orient.
November—	Home Missions
December—	"The White Man in Africa."
January—	"The Bulu"
February—	I. Prayer and Praise. II. "The Bulu and God."
March—	"The Ten Tyings."
April—	"The New Tribe."
May—	Thank Offering.
June—	"The New Custom."
July—	Field Day.

APRIL—"THE NEW TRIBE."

"This book, *An African Trail*, has powerful reflexes. Hardly a chapter but suggests a searching of our own Christian experience and a testing of our own church life."—H. B. M.

What is the Christian Church but just so many more people like you and me? If we are not true to our trust, can we ask others to be true to theirs? And *we must be true*. We must conquer for Christ by prayer—surely; but also by consecrated common sense and by intelligence applied with a great devotion....from a point of vantage such as a study of this subject will give, you will be enabled to see Africa whole, a continent for Christ.—*Life and Light*.

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAM.

OPENING HYMN.—"O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee." (*Missionary Hymnal*, page 42.)

SCRIPTURE SERVICE.—Responsive Reading: Psalm CXIX, section four, beginning, "Teach me, O Lord, the way of thy statutes," followed by selections from Isaiah, 60, by leader.

PRAYER.—(See text-book, page 136). Quiz on Home Mission topics prepared from articles and items in this HELPER.

SINGING.—"In Loving Adoration." (*Hymnal*, page 23.)

THE LESSON.—Chapter V, "An African Trail." Suggestion for Chart: Draw a great cross. Wording: "The Sign of the Headman of the Tribe of God."

(The following suggestions are given in more detail in "How to Use").

1. A RECRUITS' CLASS. One woman takes the part of the missionary, giving the substance of page 137. She then says, "I will call upon our new recruits to tell us the way in which God drew them." Seven women come forward and give the testimonies on page 138.
2. FOUR ELEMENTS IN THE TRIBE OF GOD. The leader asks, "How many elements enter into the making of the new Tribe of God?" Four women answer in turn, summarizing pages 139-144.
3. ADJUSTMENTS OF THE NEW RECRUIT. One woman gathers from pages 145-153 the evidences of the courage required in Equatorial Africa for one to become a Christian.
4. CHURCH DISCIPLINE IN AFRICA AND AMERICA. A contrast. Let two women represent the two churches.
5. RESTORATION. Reading. Extracts from pages 156-161.
6. GROWTH IN GRACE: A GREAT ADVENTURE. Leader reads last paragraph of page 161, then says: "These new disciples are men of *faith*. I have asked five of them to tell you what their faith means to them." Five women come forward and each gives one paragraph, page 162.

LEADER.—"These African Christians are men of *prayer*," and quotes from pages 163-164. "In *works*, too, they give a good account of the faith that is within them," page 165. "And last, the man of faith and prayer and works is a man of generous *gifts*. The psychology of the complete Christian is about the same, we find, whether he live in Africa or America." Another woman reads pages 166-167.

PRAYER.—For African Christians, for the church at home, for growth in courage, faith, prayer, works, generosity.

SINGING.—"Let There be Light." (*Hymnal*, page 89.)

Sidelights in February magazines:

Missionary Review of the World, "Lightening the Dark Continent"; *World Outlook*, "The White 'Ma' of Calabar", and other timely articles, maps and pictures; *Missions*, "Following the Great Physician in Congo Land".

MITE BOX SUGGESTION

When unable to attend the missionary meeting remember that you have an opportunity box—an ever open door, where the need of the world and your sources of supply meet in your own home.

—H. W. S.

Our Quiet Hour

"God himself cannot do some things unless men think; He cannot do some things unless men work; and there are some things God never can do until He finds a man who prays."

AN EASTER PRAYER

Great Spirit of Springtime, breathe over our drear and deadened lives, and we shall live. Call us from under the snows of our unbelief, and the winter of our discontent shall be gone. Release in us the emotions of love, and the streams of our joy shall laugh their way through the valley of the shadow. Speak through the gloom where our hopes lie dead, and the lilies of a new Easter will open into bloom, and the roses of a larger life will break into fragrance. O Christ of the empty tomb and the early morning, call us in Love's rare tone by the name Love only knows, and we shall not think Thee to be the gardener, but, with our hearts, shall make answer, Master.

O Prince of Peace, calm us in the midst of life's confusion and strife and death. Help us to believe in the life immortal, and to live it serenely in our daily tasks. When the pestilence wasteth at noon-day, and the arrow flieth swift in the darkness of the night, keep us, and all those whom we love, in the hollow of Thy sheltering hand. And when war's dread message comes nigh our dwelling, when it finds its mark in the bleeding places of our heart, give us the triumph of Gethsemane and the majesty of the Cross; Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.

O God of Hope, awaken in us the new hope for a new day; so shall we take new courage for ourselves and for the world. May we believe in the Love that will not let us go. May we know that truth is greater than error, and that life is stronger than death. From every failure of the past, from every betrayal of trust, and from every disappointment of love, may we rise with a new assurance of faith to a new fidelity in service. Give us faith to see beforehand the thing that ought to be. Seeing the invisible, may we live royally, dangerously, triumphantly.

And may we never forget that this is God's world, with God's sun in the heavens, and God's truth in the clouds. So shall we cast bread upon the waters, and scatter the seeds of new ideals on the hills. Amen.—*The Missionary Messenger.*

Juniors



ANNABEL JOSEPHINE LEE'S MITE BOX.

"O where is my box—my little mite box?"

Cried Annabel Josephine Lee;

"I want it to take to the meeting today

Where the boxes are opened, you see.

Please, Father, and Mother, and Aunt Louise,

Please give me some pennies—O *do!*

I'm ashamed to carry an empty box

And you'd be ashamed of me, too.

Somebody, I'm sure, has stolen my box;

I put it—I put it—let's see!"

So she hunted—but could not find the box,—

Poor Annabel Josephine Lee.

But while she hunted and cried at home,
The children, with boxes in hand,

Had gathered to count the money they had—

So proud of their dear mission band!

Pennies and nickels and dimes rattled out

Of the dear boxes they brought,

And grew into dollars until they cried—

"O look! see how many we've got!"

No happier children were found, I am sure,

Than those who gave gladly that day

To send the good news across the blue sea

To the mission fields far away.

And two little friends of Annabel Lee
Said, "We'll see why she didn't come."

But when the bell rang she angrily cried,

"I am not—I am not at home!"

She ran and she hid in a closet dim

And when she had shut the door

What do you think? in the corner there lay

Her long lost mite box on the floor!

Do you know why I've told this grievous tale?

'Tis that your box in sight may be

That you may escape the sad, sad fate

Of Annabel Josephine Lee.

—Junior Missionary Friend.

A PENNY AND A PRAYER, TOO

"Was that your penny on the table, Susie?" asked grandma as the children came in from Sabbath-school. "I saw it after you went, and I was afraid you had forgotten it."

"Oh, no, grandma, mine went into the box all safely."

"Did you drop anything in with it?" asked grandma.

"Why, no, ma'am," said Susie, looking surprised. "I hadn't anything to put in. You know I earn my penny every week by getting up early and going for the milk."

"Yes, I remember, dear. Do you know just what becomes of your penny?"

"No, ma'am."

"Do you care?"

"Oh, indeed I do, a great deal. I want it to do good somewhere."

"Well, then, every Sabbath when you drop your penny in, why don't you drop a prayer in, too, that your penny may be blessed in its work and do good service for God? Don't you think if every penny carried a prayer with it, the money the school sends away would do wonderful work? Just think of the prayers that would go out, some across the ocean, some away off among the Indians."

"I never thought of that, grandma. The prayer would do as much good as the penny, if it were a real, true prayer, wouldn't it? I'm going to remember and not let my penny go alone again."—*Selected.*

RISEN

Send the tidings far abroad
Of a risen, living Lord.
Send it to the lands away
Where has dawned no Easter day,
Till the islands of the main
Echo back the sweet refrain—
"Risen! Ne'er to die again!"

—MRS. MARY B. WINGATE.

"SOLDIERS ALL"

A New Directory of War Service, compiled by Anna Steese Richardson. The best little book we have seen to tell you just how and what to do to help, even if you have little money or strength. Send three cents to the Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please mention THE MISSIONARY HELPER.

"The whole country—every man, woman and child—must be mobilized for the war. So every member of every Christian church must be mobilized for the Christian conquest of the world. Don't wait to be drafted. Do your duty. Give your money. Pray for the men and women on the firing line in Armenia, China, Japan, Africa, India, and the Islands of the Sea."

Contributions

"Money speaks all languages, there is no limit to the geographical range of its influence."

F. B. WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY

Receipts for December, 1917

F. B. W. M. S. contributors should carefully designate how their money should be used, whether for Home Missions, Foreign Missions, or the Contingent Fund, remembering that the latter will be used by the Society where it is most needed.

MAINE		MICHIGAN	
Bowdoin Conf, "Helper" Sust Fund \$3.50; Sto 3.05	\$ 6 55	Batavia Aux for Storer	1 60
Eustis, Friends of Mission for Bengal- Orissa	10 20	Battle Creek, Mrs H P Stone for Storer .	3 25
Weeks Mills, Friend for C F	2 00	Elsie Aux for Storer	5 00
W Lebanon Aux, Dearborn Fund Inc, B O	7 77	Hillsdale Aux for Storer	4 50
Legacy from Estate Mrs Frances A Em- erson, Sebec Sta	100 00	Locust Corners Aux for Storer	4 55
		No. Rome Aux for Storer	2 00
		Reading Aux for Storer	80
		Sparta Aux for Storer	3 50
		West Cambria Aux. Storer	2 40
NEW HAMPSHIRE		MINNESOTA	
Bristol F B W M S for Monomoloni, S O .	25 00	Winnebago Aux. Phillips Family for sal- ary Mrs I M Holder	40 00
Chocrus Ch. Income Bengal-Orissa .	5 00		
Danville C R for Brown Babies, S O . .	2 25	WASHINGTON	
Laconia So Baptist Miss Soc'y, "Helper" 10.00; Storer 10.00	20 00	Wilcox, Miss Ethel M Van Vliet for sup- port Parboti in S O	25 00
Lakeport Aux. Cole Fund Inc, W Home	12 50		
Lisbon Falls F B W M S for C F	6 00	MISCELLANEOUS	
New Hampton, Mrs E H Cox, "Mission- ary Helper"	2 00	Income	
Rochester Pri Dpt S S for Brown Babies	1 25	Edwin & Susan J R Babb Fund Inc	5 00
MASSACHUSETTS		"Betsey French Dyer Mem'l" etc, for S O	73 50
Worcester, Florence, Edith & Norman Enman for Sabitia, S O	16 00	School, Balasore	12 08
		Work	21 21
RHODE ISLAND		Gen'l Work, 1/2 R-O, 1/2 Sto	9 50
Carolina Aux for Ind Work Storer . . .	2 50	Susan Prescott Porter Mem'l	25 00
Pawtucket Aux, T O, 1/2 B-O, 1/2 Sto . .	18 60	Storer College	27 91
Providence, Plainfield St Aux, Sto Ind .	4 00		
Roger Wms Aux, Storer Ind Wk	26 00	Total Receipts, January 1918	\$592 42
Taunton, Storer Ind Wk	2 00		
NEW YORK		SPECIAL	
Keuka Park Church for Bible Woman supported by Mrs D C Barnes	4 00	Miss Dora Jordan for Balasore Sch Bldg	10 00
Niobe, Mrs Nettie Fowler for F M . . .	2 50	Personal gift for Sabitia	1 00
Poland Church	23 00		\$603 42
NEW JERSEY		Inv Fund gift from Est Dr Helen & Mrs H C Phillips, 12 sh Bank Stk at \$100, \$1200 00	
East Orange, Mrs O A Smith, C F	1 50		
WEST VIRGINIA		EDYTH R. PORTER, Treasurer	
Harper's Ferry, Miss Sarah Benedict for support School at Mid	25 00	47 Andover St., Peabody, Mass.	

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give and bequeath the sum of — to the Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society, incorporated under the laws of the State of Maine.

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